

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

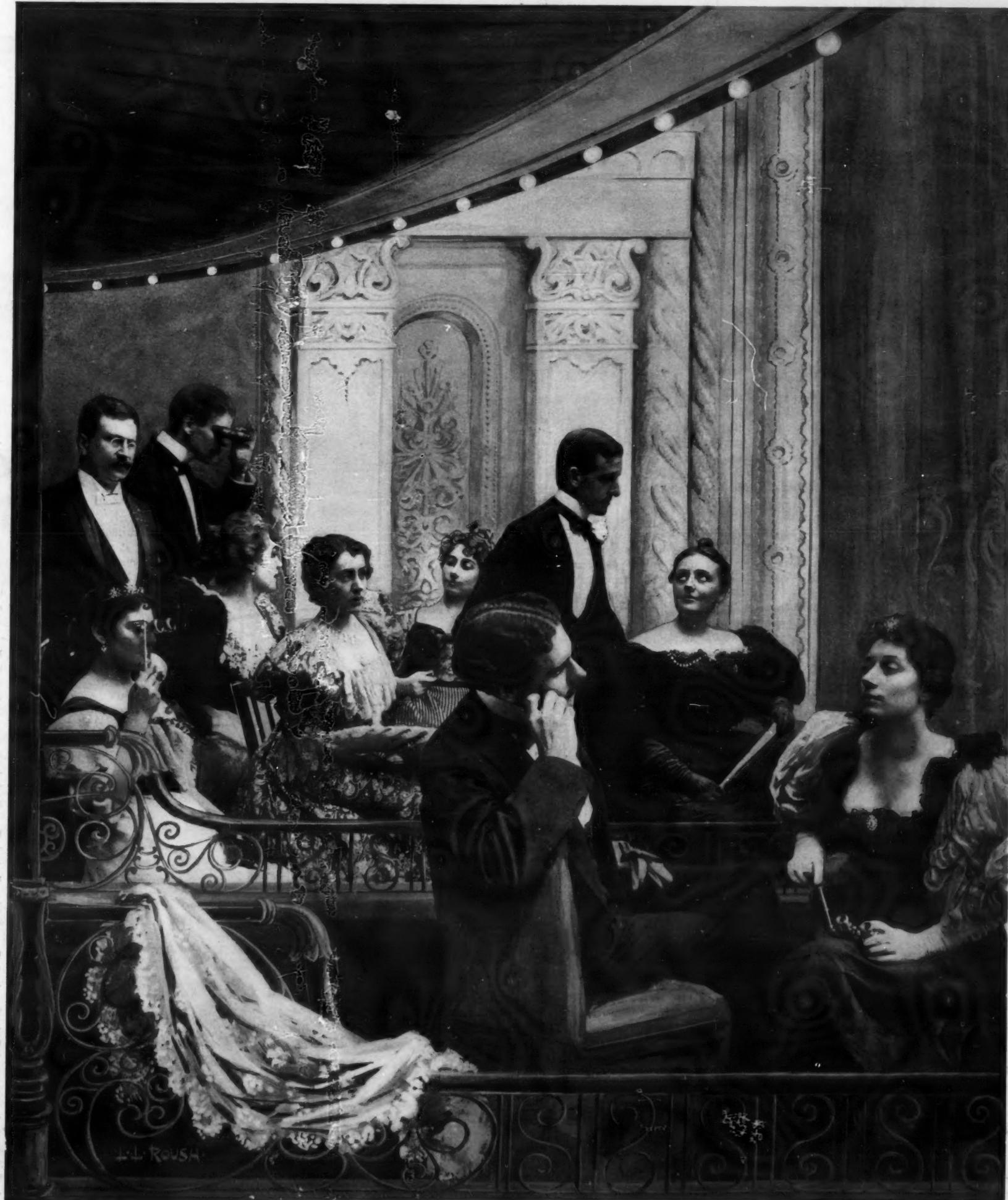


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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

### The Defeat of Gorman.



ARTHUR P. GORMAN.

It is not the policy of this paper to deal in prophecy, especially the prophecy of politics, for of all uncertain things in this world there is nothing that outfoots the undependability of political prediction. But there are conditions so unmistakable in their tendencies and so logically certain in their results that their conclusions may be clearly foreseen and accurately foretold. Two months ago Maryland presented an apt illustration of this, and we printed in our columns an article, conservatively written, upon the fight against Gormanism, in which the defeat of the only undefeated boss in American politics was foreseen. There was every reason why there should be no miscarriage of the announcement. Senator Gorman had held Maryland in his grasp by the most perfect machine politics in the United States. Maryland's population is divided into two parts, almost one-half being in Baltimore city, and a little more than a half being distributed in the twenty-three counties. Gorman's main hold was in the counties. The city was under the control of his chief lieutenant, Isaac Freeman Rasin, a former Know-nothing, a practical politician of the corrupt sort, and a second Croker in the absoluteness of his command over his followers. These two men reduced to a science the tricks and venal opportunities of Legislative and municipal politics. In the conflict between the counties and the city which is common to every State they worked shrewdly, Gorman championing the counties, and Rasin the city, opposing each other for the advantage of both, and working like the blades of a pair of scissors, cutting against each other only to cut that which came between them. With no business but politics, and no visible income but salaries never exceeding five thousand dollars a year, both lived expensively and grew rapidly rich. They entrenched themselves behind all kinds of election frauds, and for twenty years held their power. The forces of reform stormed them in vain, but while these forces never won elections, they got from every fight some kind of gain, the greatest of which was the Australian ballot law.

But the two bosses with their many victories grew bolder. They never allowed men of ability to hold office if they could help it. They built their greatness on time-serving ward-workers. When it came time to nominate a candidate for Governor they led on, as they usually did, several candidates, only to throw them over for the man they had agreed upon. This year it was John E. Hurst, a reputable and wealthy merchant, whose name had not even been mentioned in the primaries, and who was nominated by the direct order of the two bosses. One of the men whom Gorman had deceived, and who had almost a majority of the delegates, told the boss to his face in an interview which has become memorable in Maryland, that he was a liar and a traitor. Gorman's action in the Senate, especially his suspicious services for the sugar trust, had increased the feeling against him, and his action in the nomination of Hurst brought the Democrats to the edge of revolt. But they waited until the Republicans selected their nominees. Fortunately the men were the strongest the party has ever put forward in Maryland, especially Lloyd Lowndes for Governor, and at once the better classes of Democrats flocked to the ticket, announcing that they preferred Republican success with good men to a continuance of Gormanism. The two Democratic daily papers of Baltimore led the movement, and Gorman was left without newspaper support. From the start the issue was Gormanism, and the fight was the bitterest in Maryland's history.

The result gives joy to every friend of good government. Four years before, on a vote of two hundred thousand, the Democratic candidate for Governor carried the State by over thirty thousand. This year Lowndes was elected by over twenty thousand, making a difference of fifty thousand votes in a total of only two hundred and thirty thousand. The Republicans carried everything, including the Legislature, which elects a United States Senator. It is the first defeat Gorman has known, but it is so crushing that his malign influence will never again dominate Maryland politics. His man Rasin is politically annihilated. In spite of the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, in spite of repeaters and intimidation, the respectable citizens won the State from the bosses by the greatest vote Maryland has ever known. The victory means a great deal. It is the knell of the boss, the triumph of decency, the further breaking up of the solid South, the proof that the increase of independence and self-government is spreading throughout the land. It is national in

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its benefits, for it makes powerless the cunning which has done so much mischief in Congressional legislation. A discredited boss is a boss dethroned, and Maryland has done nobly in giving Gormanism a death-blow.

### One of Dean Farrar's Problems.

An article in the October number of the *North American Review* Dean Farrar writes of the abnormal growth of cities in recent years as one of the great problems of the age. It is, he says, no mere external phenomenon. "In almost all nations, by a slow and hardly-noticed social revolution, the old, sweet country life is being merged into the struggling life of the town—a life which has been called 'the grave of the physique of our race,' which is also too often the grave of its morality." Some interesting statements bearing on this subject were made by a speaker at a recent meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga. He predicted that in the year 1920 London would have a population of 8,344,000; New York, 6,337,000; Chicago, 7,797,000; and Philadelphia, 1,838,160. That is to say, that Chicago at that time will have more than seven times the population it had in 1890. From another statistical authority it is learned that in 1790 one-thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities of eight thousand or over, and in 1880 22.5 per cent., or nearly one-fourth. The total population of the country now is about sixteen times as great as it was one hundred years ago, while the urban population is one hundred and thirty-nine times as great. It is predicted by Dr. Strong in "Our Country" that if the present ratio of growth is sustained there are many who are adults to-day who will live to see two hundred million inhabitants in the United States, and a greater number than the present population (sixty millions) living in cities of eight thousand or upward.

All this serves to show the tremendous importance of the issues involved in the work of bettering the conditions of municipal life in all departments—social, moral, industrial, and political. What is done in this direction ought to be done as quickly as circumstances will permit, for the difficulties in the way are bound to increase with the increase of population. Left to themselves, the evils will grow with the cities' growth and strengthen with their strength.

In the consideration of the city problem one serious fact must be recognized, namely, that the relative increase of urban population over the rural population is bound to continue for an indefinite period. Many good reasons might be given to justify this statement. The present rapid growth of cities may be abnormal, as Dean Farrar says, but if so, that abnormal condition is likely to exist for many years to come. In the meantime all efforts to retard this urban growth or to turn the tide of population some other way must prove largely in vain. Tendencies of this nature and magnitude cannot be materially affected by arbitrary means. When a change comes, if it comes at all, it will be through the operation of natural causes. It only remains, therefore, for those who are concerned for the welfare of our municipalities to turn all their energies and resources to the task of elevating the standards of civic life, to the work of education, enlightenment, and reformation. The vast and rapid growth of city populations is not necessarily an evil; under right conditions it may become a large and positive good.

### The Southern Cotton Industry.

It is becoming more and more obvious that the capitalists of the South are disposed to utilize the advantages they possess in connection with the development of the cotton industry. Great and rapid as has been the growth of the cotton manufacture in that section, all the indications are that it will make still more rapid strides in the future. In 1860 the South had only twelve millions of dollars invested in cotton-mills, and their processes of manufacture were crude and imperfect. During the Civil War the industry, of course, was disintegrated and practically destroyed. With the restoration of peace, the work of re-establishing it was commenced, and this has gone forward with a vigor and success which demonstrate most effectively the recuperative power of the cotton-growing States. In an address delivered before the New England cotton manufacturers at the Atlanta exposition, recently, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, gave some statistics on this subject which are deeply interesting. According to these statistics the census of 1880 reported that there were one hundred and eighty cotton-mills in the South, with an aggregate capital amounting to twenty-one million nine hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, and having six hundred and sixty-seven thousand spindles. Within the next decade, these totals had nearly doubled, and there were two hundred and fifty-four mills, with sixty-one million one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars of capital, and one million seven hundred and twelve thousand spindles. In the five years which have since elapsed, mills have been so multiplied that within a month three million spindles will be in operation. Add to this number eight hundred thousand for mills under construction, and the South will have at the end of the current crop year three million eight hundred thousand spindles in full play. Mr. Edmonds

believes that before the end of the century the cotton-mills of the South will number five million spindles.

This is certainly an encouraging exhibit, and it suggests the inquiry whether, after all, the dream of the South that it will ultimately become the seat of the cotton manufacturing industry of the country is Utopian. Many New England manufacturers are beginning to believe that this result is possible, and are preparing to adjust themselves to the new conditions. Mr. Edmonds, who is perhaps as well informed as to the subject, and at the same time as cautious in judgment, as any man in the country, makes this forecast of the future of the industry :

"Looking to Central and South America and to Asia and Japan, by the cutting of Nicaragua Canal, for a market for American cotton goods, the South's position is impregnable. It has every possible advantage that can be asked for the production of cotton goods at the lowest possible cost. Its advantages for distribution are but little inferior to those of the North, and whatever disadvantages it has in this way will be eliminated under the general progress which is being made. No one can possibly any longer question the South's future position in the cotton-manufacturing world. The rapid development of the textile industry in the South does not necessarily involve its decrease in New England or Great Britain. Even should these hold their present business and continue to operate as many spindles as they do to day, the natural increase which the ever-growing demands of the world require must be met by the South. It is possible that China and Japan may become factors in this industry, but if they do the reduced cost at which they will produce goods will simply be an additional force to drive the capital in New England and British mills to the South as the only place which can hope to meet competition from mills in Japan and China, provided this industry should develop largely in those countries."

"The South's position is safe. It is only a question as to whether the mill-owners of other sections shall leave the South to develop this industry with its own capital and by its own labor, or join in the work and thus secure a part of the profits, and all sections be mutually benefited by an interchange of investments."

### The Work and Worth of College Women.



HE college for women, like the college for men, must be judged by the character and work of its graduates. The question is now emerging, and ought to be emerging, "What is the worth of the college for women, as judged by its graduates?"

When this test is applied to the college for women there can be no doubt of the worth of this agency for the higher education. The three largest and oldest colleges for women in this country are Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith. These three colleges have now graduated about three thousand five hundred women. What are these women doing?

Statistics show that about sixty per cent. of these women are either now married or, judging from the history of Vassar, the oldest of the three, will soon become wives. The balance of forty per cent. are engaged in all manner of employments. The work of the teacher is the work that is most popular among college women. It is proved that not far from three-fourths of all college women teach for a longer or a shorter time. No profession is better fitted to women than teaching. It embodies most fully the personal elements which play so important a part in the womanly nature. The high school is the most popular of the educational fields for the work of the college woman. In hundreds of high schools throughout the country are these women found. And yet not a few college graduates are found in the colleges for women themselves. The names of several at once occur: the president of Wellesley, Mrs. Irvine, the president of Bryn-Mawr, Miss Thomas, both graduates of Cornell; of Mary A. Jordan, of Smith; of Miss Mary A. Colvin, Ph.D., of Western Reserve at Cleveland, and of Lucy A. A. Salmon, Abbey Leach, and Mary Whitney, of Vassar. The last census of the United States shows that there are between seven and eight hundred women teaching in the colleges of the United States. Although many of these women have not had the advantage of a college training, yet no small share have profited by this culture. Therefore in this most important field of education the college woman is proving worthy of her education.

The professions of the ministry, of law, of medicine, of journalism have not absorbed a large number of the college women. College women are to be found in each of these callings, but not to a large extent. Fears were expressed in the early time that women would become the rivals of men in the more important professions. Results show that these fears were groundless.

In one most important field the college woman has not as yet proved her ability. It is the field of literature. Although Vassar in its earlier days gave great attention to English, and although English is the most important study at Smith, and in all other colleges English has held an important place, yet it would be impossible to name more than half a dozen women who have attained distinction in the field of letters. Who of the college women can be named in the same breath with Mrs. Burnett or Miss Wilkins or with Harriet Prescott Spofford? The reason of this condition is a most important consideration. It may be questioned whether the cause may not lie in the fact that a college training so purifies the taste that one is restrained before rushing into print. It may also be asked whether the years spent in college do not represent that period when most women would, if out of college, be writing stories or poems. When women are graduated from

college at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three the special attractiveness of a literary career has lost many of its charms. But, the reason for this condition aside, it remains the fact, and a sad one, that with all her work the college woman has not entered the field of literature.

But the woman who becomes the head of a household, or the woman who becomes the head of a school-room, or the woman who becomes a worthy worker in any department of service, is, through her ennobled character and abler intellectual power, and through the richer culture which she brings to her tasks, proving effectively the value of the training which she gets from her college.

### Give Us a Short Campaign.

It is to be hoped that the Republican National Committee will heed the wishes of the party press, and of the great business interests of the country, in its determination of the date of the convention for the nomination of a Presidential candidate. The apparent disposition of the committee to call an early convention is not at all in harmony with the best public opinion. In a party sense nothing will be gained by a long campaign, while the effect of a protracted canvass, with its excitements and withdrawal of individual energy from ordinary pursuits, would be immensely detrimental to the business of the country. All experience goes to show that our Presidential campaigns, under the best conditions, greatly disturb industry and trade, while at the same time they very often provoke contentions and antagonisms which, in the fact that they prevent sobriety of judgment in the electorate, are positively harmful to the interests of good government. A campaign of two months, or at the outside, of ninety days, will be quite long enough to awaken the voters to an appreciation of their duty and an understanding of the issues involved, and every consideration of national interest demands that this conviction should be respected by the committee charged with the responsibility of initiating the contest.



"This passeth year by year and day by day."

A FLICKER of mirth dispels the sombre thought, and a ridiculous idea will force even tragedy to hide behind the comic mask. I was standing the other night in Bleeker Street, wedged in among the breathless throng that was watching the fierce destruction of the bank buildings on Broadway. The flames were fairly riotous in their eagerness to outdo one another; leaping, grasping, and enveloping everything in tawny sheets. Millions of sparkling cinders whirled overhead, set in dense masses of rolling smoke. Added to all this, the raucous puffing of the engines, the cries and shouts of men, the clangor and alarm of bells, acted upon the nerves in a depressing and fearful manner. Suspense hung heavy in the air, and it would have taken little for it to give way to terror. There was rumor of whole crews of devoted firemen engulfed in the flaming piles, and the crowd stood soundless, expectant, with a sense of horror slowly taking hold. I could feel the tension myself, and strained to break from it, though without avail, till like a flash a story I had heard but three nights before crowded across my mind, and I could have shouted. The story concerns a precious young Englishman who traveled over here last winter as secretary to his histrionic brother, and is so apropos of the conflagration that I tell it. Just before his departure for home, on being asked what had particularly struck him during his visit in America, this Yellow-Bookish young sprig replied, with an affectation that was nothing short of delightful, that he was particularly pleased with a gorgeous spectacle he had seen in Chicago: "An enormous building with most brilliant masses of flame bursting from every window. But just when it had come to the fullness of its beauty, with each tongue of fire changing with lightning rapidity from mad scarlet to purple, orange, violet, and sapphire, a lot of funny little men in rubber coats and big hats came along and put it out with water!" The thought of the supreme ridiculousness of this made me gay, even though the same "funny little men in rubber coats and big hats" were facing death before my eyes.

The sapient editor of one of our evening papers writes this in one of his recent editorials: "Of living writers, with the exception of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling, it is hard to name one whose productions may be placed upon the book-shelf with the assurance that they will never have to be weeded out." We should feel a certain measure of thankfulness to think that there is a newspaper editor who is alive to the claims that Meredith is certainly going to have on posterity, but surely we cannot forgive him for ignoring Thomas Hardy or Henry James, only less great than Meredith. Perhaps it was ignorance and not a slight, for he goes on to talk of Shorthouse's "John Inglesant" and Moore's "Esther Waters," estimable by all means, but not in the running with "Tess," or "The Portrait of a Lady," or any other of half a dozen by either author that are at my pen's point. After the Scotch dominies and the young English barristers, who monopolize

so much of our time to-day, have stepped quietly back into oblivion, Hardy and James, together with the master, Meredith, will be read and wondered at by the ever increasing "small but honorable minority."

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### Joseph Benson Foraker.

THE NEXT REPUBLICAN SENATOR FROM OHIO.

Ohio Republicans are in a tremor of delight. They have carried the State by over one hundred thousand majority, electing the gallant General Asa Bushnell Governor. That is one cause for joy.

But Ohio Republicans have done more. For nearly thirty years the selfishness of John Sherman and the apathy of his adherents have given him a Democratic colleague in the Senate of the United States. It has been a shameful fact that so strong a Republican State should at every other



HON. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.  
Photograph by the Baker Art Gallery.

Senatorial election choose a Democrat, allowing Sherman full control of Senatorial patronage when the administration was of his party. This year the Ohio Republicans got mad. They served notice on Sherman and every other member of the party, high or low, that Ohio should have two Republican Senators, and that further party treachery should be squelched at the outset. The first step was taken at Zanesville, when for the first time in Ohio history a State convention expressed a choice for Senator. Ex-Governor Foraker was unanimously indorsed as the candidate.

The campaign was made on that proposition, coupled with the declaration that McKinley should be the Ohio candidate for President. The result is well known. Bushnell has a larger plurality for Governor than McKinley had in 1893. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican, and Foraker will be chosen Senator to succeed Calvin S. Brice.

The aged Sherman will find in Foraker a young, vigorous colleague—an orator, a skillful lawyer, a positive and practical politician who will bring fame to Ohio, and who may yet reach the White House, for his ambition is boundless.

Foraker, though widely known, will be a new figure in Washington. Fifteen years ago he was a judge of the Cincinnati courts, along with Judson Harman, the present Attorney-General. Thirteen years ago Foraker resigned from the Bench. He was unknown in the State, and at the age of thirty-five he began again the practice of law. A year later he was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Save one, he was the youngest man ever nominated for that office. The nomination came like a surprise. He was unknown and untried, but he made a magnificent campaign, though he lost the State.

In 1884, at the national convention, he made his débüt in national politics. He was caught up in the Blaine whirlwind of enthusiasm, and became the Republican leader of Ohio. In 1885 he was elected Governor. In 1887 he was re-elected. In 1889 he was forced to take the nomination for a fourth time, and was defeated through Republican treachery. In 1892 he was bold enough to oppose Sherman for the Senate.

He is a man of magnificent appearance, not yet fifty, with a great heart, unrelenting in his political animosities, faithful to a fault in his dealings with friends—a man who never forgets and who can forgive.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

### Republican Victories.

In the State elections held on the 5th of November the Republicans won in every instance where they had anything like a chance, and in three of these States the Democrats for more than a generation have had safe and sure majorities. In New York, though in the metropolis the Republicans and reformers who united on a fusion ticket were defeated by the candidates of Tammany Hall, the State Republican ticket was elected by a plurality in the

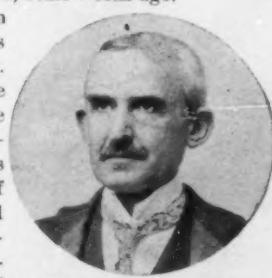
neighborhood of one hundred thousand, and the Legislature is so safely Republican that there is no hope of a re-election to the United States Senate for Mr. David B. Hill. New Jersey was the only Northern State that remained Democratic all during the Civil War, and it has continued of that complexion till now, when the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. John W. Griggs, has been elected over his Democratic opponent, Chancellor Alexander T. McGill. Though Mr. McGill is a man of high character and marked ability, he could not stem the tide of disgust at the venal Democratic bosses who have recently controlled the State, so the normal Democratic plurality of fifteen thousand was transformed into a Republican plurality of twenty-seven thousand. Mr. Griggs is a man of clean record and excellent abilities, and was introduced to the readers of this paper when he was nominated, some weeks ago.

Maryland also has been in the hands of the Democrats for twenty-nine years past. For a greater part of this time Senator Gorman has been the Democratic boss. His autocratic dictatorship of late has not been pleasant to many of those within his party, and when he forced the nomination of Mr. Hurst for Governor last summer the banner of revolt was raised promptly and boldly. The Republican candidate, Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, was well calculated to raise Republican enthusiasm, while inviting Democratic support. He is a man of the highest character, and is prominent both in the social and commercial affairs of the State. His plurality was something like twenty thousand, and it looks very much as though Senator Gorman's sway in Maryland has met with a sudden and effectual end.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll is reported to have said that he would abandon his heresies when Kentucky went Republican. Now is the time for him to recant. The Republicans have elected their candidate for Governor by a plurality exceeding ten thousand, and though the Legislature on a joint ballot is close, probably a tie, Senator Joe Blackburn, who has held office during the whole of his manhood, and always been on the wrong side of every question, will surely be retired to private life. It was he who forced the free coinage of silver on his State as an issue. The Democratic convention which nominated Mr. Hardin for Governor declared against free coinage, but Hardin and Blackburn advocated it on the stump and alienated so many Democrats from their party that a normal majority of forty thousand for the Democrats was overcome by Colonel William O. Bradley, the Republican candidate. Colonel Bradley is about forty-five years old, and has long been prominent in Republican councils in his State. He has also been a member of various Republican National Conventions, and has represented his State on the National Committee. This is the first serious break in the solid South, though Mr. H. Clay Evans was elected in Tennessee last autumn and cheated out of the Governorship. Colonel Bradley is a "rough-and-ready" man, and of great popularity. So astute a politician as Mr. New, of Indiana, sees in Colonel Bradley an excellent candidate for Vice-President. Doubtless his name will be presented by his State for that office.

In Ohio the Democrats put up ex-Governor Campbell, who is credited with being the most popular man in his State. But the Republican candidate, General Asa S. Bushnell, was elected by more than one hundred thousand votes, and the Legislature, which is to

elect a successor to Senator Brice, is, on joint ballot, overwhelmingly Republican. Vale Brice. This very signal victory in Ohio will without doubt strengthen the candidacy of Mr. McKinley for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. This nomination will be equivalent to an election if the Republican majority in the next House of Representatives is temperate and wise in its action. The discontent with the Democratic party is widespread, but the Republicans should bear in mind that discontented Democrats are not yet Republican partisans, but rather independents, who can only be counted on to go for the better cause when represented by the better men.



HON. LLOYD LOWNDES.  
Photograph by Bendann.



WILLIAM O. BRADLEY.



HON. ASA S. BUSHNELL.  
Photograph by Calendar.



HON. JOHN W. GRIGGS, NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR-ELECT.—DRAWN BY GRIJAYÉDOFF.

Mr. John W. Griggs, the Governor-elect of New Jersey, is the first Republican elected to that office since 1865. During the whole of this period the worst element of the Democratic party has been in control of the State. Mr. Griggs is a man of exceptional equipment for the position to which he has been elevated. He is one of the very ablest men of the State, of irreproachable character, and of great conscientiousness of purpose. He represents in a peculiar sense the best impulses of his party, and in the recent canvass stood distinctively for a thorough reform of the State administration.



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CLEARING THE HURDLE AND WATER AT MORRIS PARK.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMERT.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



"'I am Jaffray Ellicott,' was the reply."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXVIII.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

O-MORROW came. But it was not the to-morrow which Jaffray Ellicott had looked for. It was to have given family indorsement to his engagement with Marie Brusset. Laroche had invited himself to be present on the occasion. He could not have any hostile intention. Jaffray noticed that Laroche had asked permission to come with an unusual and strange submissiveness of manner. The proposed union had already the approval of Madame Laroche. He and Marie had loved each other from that first encounter when her garret had become, as he had since felt, the ante-room to his great good fortune.

To-morrow ! Notwithstanding the agonizing news with which Laroche had loaded his heart, the young fellow had still looked forward to the to-morrow with a secret hope of happiness. At all events he would have more right than ever to console his

sweetheart, and surely his new position would enable him, in any fierce emergency, to help Marie's friends and patrons.

To-morrow ! Well, it came ; but it found Marie Brusset out of humor for all considerations of self. Before Jaffray's arrival she had received her father without an upbraiding word, but there was a silent scornfulness in her manner that cut him deeper than words.

"It was my duty," he said, apologizing for his successful capture of de Fournier and Mathilde.

"So you say," Marie replied, her face pale, her eyes feverishly bright.

"I am not responsible for the orders of the Commune."

"No ; you are not a member of the Municipality, nor is your Citizen Robespierre ; he is not even a member of the Convention."

"That is true."

"Yet he wields the powers of both."

"He is a great man—a prophet."

"It is not, then, necessary to be a member of the Municipality to exercise a power of life and death," said Marie ; "and

duty does not compel a free man to be a mere instrument of evil."

"It is no good discussing that, Marie."

"No, I suppose not. He that lives by the sword shall die by the sword ; is not that a Scriptural ordinance ?" she asked.

"Ordinance or prophecy," replied Laroche, "it is true, I dare say."

"Then have you no fear ?"

"None."

"Has Grébauval no fear ?"

"None, I should say."

"Does he think God sleeps ?"

"No ; he thinks God has awakened. If they die by the sword who live by it, there should be many just deaths before the year is out, and I fear there will be."

"And David slew Goliath with a sling and a stone," continued Marie, as if she had only partly heard her father's reply.

"Do you think Robespierre and Marat, and Danton and Fouquier-Tinville, and the snake Grébauval will escape the sling of God's vengeance ?"



"I think they will," said Laroche, somewhat satirically.

"We shall see," said Marie; "we shall see. You take pains to warn me; be warned yourself, father—for you are my father, God help me!"

Marie turned her bright eyes upon Laroche, with what seemed to him an almost unearthly expression, and passed where he stood to open the door to Jaffray.

"Bon jour, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, going to the window and drawing the curtain aside, that he might give his mind the freedom of a large outlook. The towers of the Palais de Justice stood out against the sky.

Jaffray kissed Marie's hand silently. He could see that she knew what had happened. She had not yet, however, felt the strange mysterious touch of greater calamities to come, a weird foreboding of some mysterious peril that pervaded all Paris; the kind of foreboding that might, perchance, have been felt in Pompeii before the eruption of the burning mountain.

"Marie is not well," said Laroche; "she grieves because she cannot stop the hand of Time."

"Not Time, father," Marie answered. "You call tyranny, persecution, assassination by every other name but their right ones. What has Time to do with the malice of Grébaud and the devilry of Marat? Time would register deeds of mercy just as surely as it will register your own deeds—duty, father."

Every time Marie used the word father she emphasized it in a way that wounded Laroche, but only to stimulate his obstinate sense of his own self-sacrificing fulfillment of the duties of his office and his loyalty to France.

"Patience, dear friend," said Jaffray. "Madame Mathilde is patient, and she has more need of patience than we have."

"You have heard of her?"

"Yes; an hour ago. She is permitted the companionship of her maid. Her mother is also to have an interview with her."

"Yes?" said Marie. "Go on; you have more to tell."

"She is to be allowed a change of clothes and other luxuries."

"Luxuries?" said Marie, with a sigh.

"Yes, dear friend; these are luxuries hardly permitted to the king and queen."

"Pardon," said Laroche; "that is not so. The persons you call king and queen have all they desire, and are attended by their own servants."

"And mocked and scoffed at by yours," said Marie, without apparent anger, her manner calm, but every word clean cut and uttered by lips that in repose were pressed tightly together. "They had mocked the people long enough."

"Do you know the sort of chamber they gave the king? I will tell you. You were used to gilt ceilings," said the municipal guard; "now see how we lodge the assassins of the people." That is what you call this poor, mild, gentle king, who has not the heart to kill a fly, let alone the people he loves."

"Silence!" exclaimed Laroche. "Silence! you must not say these things."

"They showed him to a low room with a bed and three chairs, and the bed was infested with vermin."

"Silence, I say!" hissed Laroche, approaching Marie, who stood before him resolute and motionless.

"Yes," she went on, "there was more furniture; there were pictures. Yes, dear father, your colleagues who imprison kings appreciated the artistic taste of royalty, and they had decorated the walls with engravings, so filthy, so immoral, that the poor king removed them himself: 'I cannot allow such things to be seen by my daughter'—you see the king loves his daughter; patriots and agents of police are superior to such trivial humanities."

"Perhaps Capet's daughter cares for her father," said Laroche; "you never cared for me."

"Don't let us quarrel, dear Monsieur Laroche," said Jaffray, coming between father and daughter, with his hand raised in a conciliatory way. "Marie is much distressed. You have done your duty, no doubt, monsieur; that accomplished, you can use your good influences for your daughter's friends."

"I have done what I could."

"But you arrested them," said Marie.

"I made the way smooth for them," replied Laroche.

"But you hunted them down," said Marie.

"I was even thanked by Citizen Fournier for the consideration I showed him and his wife."

"But you were their captor; otherwise they might be free."

"Not so; others would have taken them, as others have taken the Bertins," said Laroche.

"The Bertins, too!" exclaimed Marie, her hand upon her heart.

"And as others will take the Louvets," said Laroche, his face hardening; "and as others will take all the enemies of France that are

leagued with the foreign foe now marching upon Paris; yes, upon Paris."

"And the de Louvets?" said Marie. "Did you say the de Louvets?"

"You have said it," replied Laroche.

"Their friend, Monsieur de la Galetierre, too?" asked Marie.

"Yes, but no prisoner of mine."

"No; you had a higher ambition, I know," said Marie. "And you dare to say you love your daughter."

"The time may come when that love will be swallowed up in the patriot's love of his country," replied Laroche, with a fervency that brought the color into his inflexible countenance.

"For God's sake!" said Jaffray, "don't make it difficult for you to be reconciled. My dear Marie, oh, my friend, don't aggravate your father!"

"Bon soir," said Laroche, abruptly, "bon soir. If I am only an agent of police in my daughter's eyes, why, 'Ventre bleu!' I will stick to my trade. Bon soir!"

#### XXIX. LAROCHE AT HOME.

"BON SOIR," said Marie, after a pause, while she and Jaffray listened to the determined tread of Laroche's footsteps on the stairs. Jaffray noticed that they paused at his own floor. He had not gone straight away to the bureau of the secret police, as Jaffray had feared he would. If he cooled his anger at home there might be some hope of reconciliation.

"You will bring that young woman to the scaffold, among you," said Laroche to his wife.

"Bless me, why? The scaffold!" said his humble partner, with an iron in her hand, the heat of which she was testing at her fat, rosy cheek.

"What are you ironing?"

"Your shirts," said Madame.

"Is it very hot—that iron?"

"Not too hot. What's the matter with you?"

"The iron of indignant Paris will go over the enemies of France with a heat that will consume them," said Laroche, flinging himself into a chair, "and not Robespierre himself can cool it; and yet she thinks I can control the furnace."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Madame, running the iron over Laroche's skin.

"You never do," said Laroche. "Put down your iron and give me some wine."

Madame placed the iron in the stove, rubbed her fat hands upon a towel, carried her buxom self to a sideboard, and brought forth a bottle of red wine, which she opened and handed to Laroche with the complaisance of a paid waitress.

"She is mad, that daughter of mine," he said, having emptied the goblet which his wife had filled.

"Your daughter is stubborn, like you," said Madame Laroche.

"Me stubborn!"

"Yes; obstinate as a winter cough compared with such as me."

"Compared with such as you?" said Laroche. "You were made to iron clothes and cook omelettes, and you do both well; and—"

"Thank you. I suppose if I went into the streets, with a sword by my side and a cockade in my cap, and shouted myself hoarse yelling the Carmagnole, you would think something of me?"

"Sacré nom du diable! no, I shouldn't," exclaimed Laroche.

"But you want your daughter to run with your sansculotte crew?"

"No, I don't," said Laroche. "Mais Dieu, I can't have a traitor under my roof, can I? A reviler of the people? An enemy of the Revolution? An upholder of veto? Besides—"

He did not finish the sentence, but got up and tramped about the room. Madame filled his goblet again. He emptied it mechanically. Then she took from a shelf a clay pipe and filled it with tobacco and laid it on the arm of his chair.

"Besides," he said, after a pause, "she may slip through my fingers. If that man Simon, the printer, had lived, he would have denounced her. Do you think I could save her if she were brought before the committee? Not I, nor twenty Laroches. Do you think she would hold her tongue? Not she. Mon Dieu! she would talk her head off her shoulders; and what could I do? Nothing, nothing!"

"You don't go on like this before the committee yourself," said Madame. "You keep your temper there."

"Dieu! I have to. It does me good to let it speed at home."

"I don't matter, do I? They don't know you, the wise 'uns at the Palais. I do; you're like the rest. I saw your Marat and your Citizen Danton one day. Cowards both, cowards! Laroche, one day, if their turn comes—"

"Suzanne, are you mad, too?" exclaimed Laroche. "You are getting your opinions from Marie's garret. Yes, I see you are."

"No, I'm not; I get them from you," said Madame, smiling with her large blue eyes. "You think I'm a fool, Laroche; I'm not. You tell me many things, but I get my opinions from what you don't say."

"Then listen to what I do say. Sit down. Have a drink. I've never been savage to you, have I?"

"No; considering what you are, you've been a good husband. And here's good fortune to you!"

Madame touched his cup with hers, and he added: "To you, also. Suzanne, I do believe you're the only true friend I have in the world."

"No other woman?" she said, laughing.

"No other woman," he said, without smiling; "and no man, either."

"Not Citizen Grébaud?" said Madame;

"not Citizen Robespierre?"

"Don't ask questions," Laroche replied, taking up his pipe, which she lighted for him.

"No," he said, after a whiff or two; "I can't smoke."

"What is it? Something's mortal wrong."

"Don't you feel it in the air?" he said. "I do. If they come to this house—a domiciliary visit—though you are my wife, be discreet. Warn our neighbors on every floor. And Marie. You like her. She is fond of you. A word, a look, a picture in the wrong place, a trifles may ruin her—ruin us all. Her heart is not with me, nor with you, nor with France, Mais, mon Dieu! she is my daughter, and I would not have her swept into La Force or the Abbaye, or carried to the Hôtel de Ville. Hold her back! Still her tongue. Danton, at the bar of the Convention, lighted the train. It is burning slowly but surely; and in the meantime the victims are being gathered in, sacrifices on the altar of France. Like the prophet of old, I am ready to offer up my own flesh and blood; but oh, mon Dieu! I pray for a substitute. You know me, Suzanne. I am putty in Marie's hands, but I can be adamant where duty is concerned. We have parted. I can do no more with her. You can. I leave her to you. I must go now."

"Laroche," said the woman who was only good enough to be a housekeeper, "you don't often give me your confidence; but you keep your devilities, whatever they be, for others, so I'm content. I get my housekeeping money regular, and you ain't mean; so, seeing as it's uncommon to ask me to help you, why, of course, I'll do it; but couldn't you spare a word or two now and then for my own sake—just what they calls a bit of domestic talk, husband and wife, and—"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Suzanne. Give me a kiss and do what I tell you."

She suffered herself to be kissed. They were hard lips that touched hers, and Laroche's embrace was no less cold and formal, but it was an embrace; and when he had buttoned his coat and stuffed his pistols into his pocket he took her fat hand and beat over it with a respectful, if not a courtly air, and kissed it; saying, as he went out, "Suzanne, I like you more than you think."

"You may easily do that," she said to herself as she closed the door upon him.

#### XXX.

ON THE EVE OF THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

LAROCHE went straight to the Ministry of Justice. He was late. Robespierre, Danton, Grébaud, and the rest, however, needed no apology from their devoted agent of police.

Encouraged the day before by shouts of "Vive la Commune!" excited by cries of "Vivent nos bons Commissaires!" from a thousand croaking throats, they had already framed the list of proscriptions; and Laroche was in time to accompany them to the Assembly, where Danton and his colleagues appeared to give an account of the measures taken to insure the public safety.

"A number of the people," said Danton, his voice and manner dominating the paralyzed legislature and delighting the galleries, "a number of the people has already set out for the frontiers; another is engaged in digging our intrenchments; the third, armed with pikes, will defend the interior of the city."

The galleries cheered, and shouted "Vive la Commune!"

"But this is not enough," went on the audacious communist. "You must send emissaries and couriers to rouse all France to imitate the example of the devoted capital; we must pass a decree by which every citizen shall be obliged, under pain of death, to serve in person against the common enemy."

He was still speaking when the tocsin startled the general ear, followed by discharges of artillery.

"It is not the sound of alarm that you hear," he said, his voice ringing out like a trumpet, defiant and powerful; "it is the signal to advance against your enemies; to conquer, to crush them! What is required?" he asked, looking round upon the Assembly with flashing and murderous eyes, and pronouncing the reply,

which rings like a death-knell through every

history of the Revolution. "Boldness, boldness, boldness! And France is saved!" Not alone his words, but his thunderous voice "produced," to quote an eloquent record of the time, "the most appalling impression, and a decree of the Assembly was immediately claimed, announcing urgent danger to the commonwealth and commanding all the citizens to repair, armed, to their several posts as soon as the cannon of alarm should be heard, and appointing a committee of twelve, with absolute power, to concur with the executive, of which Danton was the head, in the measures necessary for the public safety."

Thus were the massacres of September the 2d inaugurated. The echoes of the din in the streets, the clash of the tocsin, the reverberations of cannon, penetrated the Conciergerie. Mathilde heard the clamor at the Abbaye. At the temple the king and queen wondered at it, and feared. But what impressed the prisoners in the jails more than the noise, was the anxious looks of their jailers, the hurried conferences of officials. At the Conciergerie knives were removed from the dinner-tables, and everything that could be used for defense or offense taken away from the cells.

At night, in the barred room of the Fourteen, the prisoners were conscious of a deathly stillness. Even the dogs in the court-yard ceased to bark. They howled pitifully, as if they had seen some unnatural apparition. Now and then one of them would set up a wild yell, soon subsiding into a low growl.

The savage animals in the little yard beneath the window were regaled with the meat of half a dozen dishes of the day's dinner, and Daniel cooed to them in soft, soothing tones as he fled at the last bar. He had said, when he began work on this last night, "Friends, something tells me that if we are not out before the dawn we are doomed." By one o'clock every bar was removed and the way was open. An agreed signal was given to the friends who had kept watch on the quay and had slept in doorways and down by the river night after night, among them de la Galetierre's brave wife.

The last bar removed, the eight were distributed as weapons. Soon after dinner, and while there was plenty of light, the order of precedence in leaving had been settled by ballot. Each man knew his place. De Fournier was last in the rank, de la Galetierre first; but it was decided to give this position to Daniel because of his control over the dogs.

They had pushed a table beneath the window; only a chair added was necessary for them to reach the opening, from which the evening breeze now blew gratefully into the fetid room.

With breathless anxiety they watched Daniel disappear. They had no cause to fear the two sentinel dogs. The file which Daniel had been able to conceal about his person all through his imprisonment was a sharp-pointed tool, a knife as well as a file; the sort of implement that in after years Colonel Bowie, the American, selected for the weapon that is known by his name.

Fondling the first dog that answered his call, Daniel slew it with a deadly home-thrust; and quickly laid upon its carcass that of its fierce companion.

One after another, the men passed safely through the aperture; one after another, calmly and in perfect order, de Fournier awaiting his turn.

Simultaneously with these escapes the générale beat, the tocsin sounded, the citizens began their march to the frontiers, and the city was thus left to the mercy of the Commune's band of assassins—three hundred demons in human shape assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, who were rendered more ferocious by libations of ardent spirits, their pockets filled with blood money. They, and the multitude that accompanied them, were addressed in wild words of encouragement by Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Marennas, while Grébaud and Laroche looked on. "À mort les aristocrates!" "À mort les prisonniers!" "Vive la Commune!" shouted the hired murderers, brandishing their weapons. "Magnanimous people," said Collot d'Herbois, "you march to glory!"

"À l'Abbaye!" was the fierce response; "À la Conciergerie! À la Force! À l'Hôtel de Ville!" "First to the Abbaye," said a powerful ruffian

and he began to feel for the chair ; at which moment the bar of the door was stealthily drawn, and some one entered. Groping for anything that could be used as a weapon, de Fournier found the leg of the chair.

" De Fournier," said some one, in a low whisper, " are you asleep ?"

With a full knowledge of the massacre that was to take place early that morning in all the prisons of France, Robespierre, Danton, and other members of the Committee of "Twelve" issued private orders of release for certain persons whom they desired to save or had been bribed to protect, or for whom they might have felt some sense of pity—at least, they are entitled to this amount of human credit.

Jaffray, by means of an order surreptitiously obtained, and through personal influence with the jailer of the room in which de Fournier was confined, had come to remove him to safer quarters, and, if possible, to release him ; though there were still difficulties in the way of this undertaking which would require skill and audacity to overcome.

" Do I know that voice ?" said de Fournier, after a moment.

" I am Jaffray Ellicott," was the reply, at the same time producing from beneath his coat a small lantern.

" God bless you !" said de Fournier, embracing him.

" Alone ?" said Jaffray. " Alone ?"

" Yes ; the others have escaped. I have been unfortunate, you see," and Jaffray turned the light upon the broken chair.

" Quick, then !" said Jaffray ; " that is your best way now ; quick !" and in a few minutes it was possible for de Fournier to mount.

" And you ?" he said.

" Don't mind me. I came to help. Begone, as fast as you may ; you don't know the peril of this hour. Where shall you make for ?"

" My own hotel," said de Fournier.

" No, no ; not to-night."

" I know a safe way in, and a good hiding-place."

" Not to-night," said Jaffray. " Do you know the Rue de la Monnaie ?"

" Yes."

" The third turning down, by the left, you will see a deep passage-way, with a lantern hung over the arch ?"

" Yes ; I can find it."

" Enter ; on the right there is a dark entry ; await me there. Here are pistols ; I will join you. Every scoundrel in Paris will be too busy about the prisons and in the richer quarters to disturb you ; wait for me. Hush ! Shall you know this whistle ?"

Jaffray gave a low, peculiar whistle.

" Yes."

" In half an hour you shall hear it, under the archway with the lantern."

" Au revoir !" said de Fournier, and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

## The Royal Household of Spain.

(THE governments of Europe are watching the progress of the revolution in Cuba with the greatest interest,) and most of the European monarchs look at the event with much alarm. It is not merely a question as to whether Spain will retain the island. Europe would care little about that ; but for them the main question is : (Will the monarchical government of Spain remain in power) or will a revolution break out, the queen be overthrown, and a republic established ? It cannot be doubted for a moment that should the Spanish armies in Cuba be defeated, or be compelled to abandon the struggle for any reason, the whole peninsula from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar will witness a storm of human passion, rage, and *furia* which will sweep away the government.

On the other hand, supposing that Marshal Martinez Campos succeeds in crushing the revolution, the expedition will cost Spain millions of dollars and the lives of thousands of soldiers. This means more taxes for a people taxed to the utmost, and a public debt, the interest of which no taxing will be able to meet. Yet a victory in Cuba would undoubtedly strengthen the government of the queen regent and assure its stability for many years.

It is not the first time that Queen Christine has had to deal with difficulties which seem insurmountable. When, ten years ago, King Alphonse XII. of Spain suddenly died, leaving the regency of the kingdom to the young queen, the condition of affairs in Spain was as bad as could be. The government was nearly bankrupt and confronted with the greatest difficulties—financial, social, political, and international. The republicans, strong and well organized, seemed at the point of overthrowing the monarchy, and the burden of facing all these difficulties was falling upon a woman, young, without experience, a stranger in the country, the mother of two charming little girls. She was not popular, and the only fact

that she is an *Austrian* princess will explain this unpopularity.

Spanish pride cannot stand the idea of being ruled by a foreigner. So, from one end of Europe to the other, every one exclaimed : (The poor queen) She will not remain in Spain a single month. She will have to give it up, else her government will be overthrown through some bloody revolution. Surely a republic will be established in Spain within a few weeks, unless Don Carlos de Bourbon, pretender to the throne of Spain, should manage to fish in troubled waters." And those who are interested in European politics anxiously awaited the terrible event. Ten years have elapsed—they are still waiting.

I would not like to be accused of partiality to monarchical ideas. Yet I must recognize that the work accomplished in Spain during the past five years by the royal ministers is admirable (that the queen is now most popular, and that monarchy is undoubtedly stronger than it had been for a long period) People say it is a miracle ; true, a miracle accomplished by the queen.

When at the death of the king, she became regent of the kingdom the Spanish people, who objected to being governed by a foreign princess, thought : " If there were only a boy—a future king ! As she is a good mother, a remarkably intelligent woman, she would make a brilliant prince—man—of him and it would be better, perhaps, than to go again through a revolution and anarchy." Just then it was learned that the queen expected a third child, and, strange to say, every one waited, before beginning the fight, to see whether it would be a girl or a boy. It was a boy. " Viva el Rey ! " shouted the nation at large ; and for a time all political contentions ceased. Many royalists who were thinking of joining the cause of the would-be king, Prince Don Carlos, rather than to obey a foreigner, changed their minds and stayed by their future king, while the Spanish people at large began to take the greatest interest in the mother and child, and the general feeling seemed to be : " Why ! give her a chance to raise that boy and make a great king of him."

The queen understood it, felt it, and finding her protection and strength behind the cradle which hid so many hopes, she took the government in hand, and for ten years has conducted it in such a way as to gain not only the admiration of all the world, but even that of her most bitter foes. Spain has had some frightful crises to go through. At home, the socialists, the anarchists, the awful condition of the finances, poverty and misery, strikes of every kind, calamities of every description ; abroad, difficulties with Germany, France, and Morocco—yet she has passed through all this in a wonderfully quiet way, and every difficulty seems to have strengthened the situation of the queen.

The happy selection she made of her ministers, her unquestionably patriotic standing in all international questions, her energy at home, the quiet, simple, economical manner in which she lives, surrounded by her children, the integrity and high morality which prevail at her court—all have contributed to win for her the love and admiration of the people and the respect of her political adversaries.

It is useless to add that the queen takes the keenest interest in all political questions and presides herself over the cabinet. But what more could I say in praise of her wonderful ability than to recall the words of Castellar, the great Spanish republican, who, after all these years of fighting, says : [I shall oppose this government no more ; it has given Spain all a republic could give her.] No better or greater approbation of the queen's efforts could possibly be desired.

There is nothing gay about the court of Spain. All the time she does not give to the government business, the queen spends with her children. There is very little going on at the royal palace—one of the largest, handsomest, and richest in Europe ; from time to time a very private concert or musicale, by distinguished artists. Her Majesty seldom, if ever, grants private audiences ; there are no drawing-rooms, as at St. James's, and only twice a year is the diplomatic corps given a reception, and no other foreigners but the diplomats attend it.

(The queen, however, very kindly accepted my invitation to listen to an illustrated lecture on the United States of America.) Everything was speedily arranged, thanks to the efforts of the Duke de Sotomayor, Grand Maître de la Cour, and of the inspector-general of the palace. The lecture was fixed for half-past nine in the red salon next to the throne-room. I was talking with the Duke de Medina-Sidonia and the Duke de Sotomayor, both in court uniform, covered with orders and decorations, when a chamberlain at the door announced " La Reina," and the queen regent came in, followed by a dozen ladies and as many officers. She looked younger and much more charming than I expected, even after hearing so much about her. She has also the reputation of dressing most beautifully and tastefully. Her Majesty very

kindly left aside all questions of etiquette, anxious to have the entertainment (*en famille et sans cérémonie*) She quickly came to me and in the kindest and most charming manner asked me questions about my travels in Asia and in Africa. She was quite anxious to know how the views would be shown, as a stereopticon such as we have in the States had never been seen in Spain, where, by the way, it created quite a sensation. The custom-house would not at first let the gas-cylinders go through, fearing they were some infernal machines, and I am an anarchist anxious to blow up Madrid !

The queen spoke first in English, and very fluently but requested me to give the lecture in French, as every one present understood that language better. She also asked me to stay right near her, as she did not want to lose one word. It was doubtless the most attentive and appreciative audience I ever had. I thought the lecture would last about an hour, but her Majesty was so interested and asked so many questions that it lasted two and a half hours. I had views of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Niagara, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, New Orleans, etc. The ones which seemed to create the most interest were the elevated railroad, the New York Central "flyer," the magnificent cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the high buildings of Chicago, the wonderful scenery of the Yosemite, and the Capitol in Washington. When the picture of Mrs. Cleveland came upon the screen the queen exclaimed : " *Comme elle est jolie !*" The last picture was a fine photograph of the United States cruiser *New York*.

During the entertainment the queen exclaimed again and again, charmed by the beautiful pictures : " *Comme c'est intéressant !*" At the close she expressed her satisfaction in the warmest possible terms, talking in a charming manner, and for nearly an hour, of all she had seen. She told me she had spent many hours listening to the narrative of the Infanta Eulalia's experiences in America, after the princess had returned to Spain.

Her Majesty expressed the warmest admiration for the United States, and said there is not a country she would like so much to visit. These friendly feelings toward our country I noticed everywhere in Spain, and all the State ministers and high officials had but the most agreeable and flattering things to say of Americans. The writers who, of late, have claimed that the Spanish government is unfriendly to the United States are very much mistaken, I think. Spain has reason to be grieved and provoked at the tone of many of our newspapers regarding the Cuban revolution. It is natural that this country should sympathize with Cuba, but also very natural that Spain should look at the matter in a different light. " What would you do," asked a Spaniard some time ago, " should Texas or California, or any of your States, decide to become independent of the Federal government, and proclaim itself an independent republic ? Do all in your power, I am sure, to crush such a movement. Well, we consider Cuba as much a part of Spain as Texas or California is a part of the federation of the United States."

To return to the evening I spent at the royal palace of Madrid, I will mention a rather amusing incident. I had been requested to bring with me some photographs of Japan, Corea, China, and other Asiatic countries. Among them was a photograph of myself, in the costume of a Corean general. " What strange and wonderful clothes !" exclaimed the queen. " I never saw anything like it !" I had anticipated her surprise, and brought along the costume, which created much amusement and made every one laugh heartily. The little pink silk coat with wide sleeves, the big socks padded with cotton, the wonderful hat with peacock feathers and all kinds of ornaments, were much enjoyed, but it remained for the trousers to create a real sensation. They are enormous—so big that I can disappear entirely in one of the legs. While every one was laughing at them, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia whispered in my ear, " On ! on ! put them on ; and, following his suggestion, I put them on, and also the rest of the costume, to the great amusement of all. Soon after the queen retired, and when she had disappeared, followed by the other ladies, the duke came to me, and in the most serious manner said : " Sir, you can boast of having done what no other man ever did." " What is it, your excellency ?" " Boast, sir, of being the only man who ever did put on and take off his trousers before her Majesty the Queen of Spain and the ladies of the court !"

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

—What may be called a Kingsley revival appears to be now in progress. There is an increasing demand at the libraries for the canon's books ; his brother's romances are out in a new edition and gaining on this side of the Atlantic some of the recognition they have always had on the other ; his niece is penetrating the wilds of Africa to secure specimens for the British Museum, and incidentally doing very hazardous exploring, while his daughter is soon to lecture to us. It is in the veins of the nice that hereditary signs of Charles Kingsley's spirit of adventure are to be found, for this young woman's daring desire to explore the Cameroons amazed the authorities.

—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is one of the few women writers of the day whose names are to be found on the publishers' lists of thirty years ago. Other names that were with hers then have disappeared, and their books gone out of print, but her own still adorns newly-printed title-pages. Mrs. Barr is now sixty-four years old, but she has not begun to diminish in productivity, and she is said to be one of the best paid of contemporary novelists. She lives nowadays at Cornwall, on the Hudson.

to have a steeple-chase on the programme of each day's racing. It was thought that such contests or exhibitions brought many persons to the tracks who otherwise would have stayed at home. But the steeple-chases after a while became mere exhibitions, and the rascally owners and jockeys arranged each race before it was started. Indeed, it became so scandalous that a fair race was looked upon as impossible. Therefore the best jockey clubs struck them from their programmes, and for ten years past we have had practically no steeple-chasing in America, except that which was purely amateur.

When an inhibition of book-making and pool-selling was inserted in the constitution of New York State a party of gentlemen organized a steeple-chase association, and arranged to hold a spring and an autumn meeting at Morris Park. These gentlemen so hedged themselves about with strict rules and reserved to themselves such arbitrary powers that they felt that they could have such contests without frauds. And they have done so. No scandal marred the success of either meeting. Though the number of gentlemen jockeys who rode in the races was small, still the sport as it was conducted at Morris Park was essentially the sport of gentlemen, and it was highly appreciated by the same class of people who used to gather in front of the club-house at Jerome Park, and who now make of the horse show in Madison Square Garden a great fashionable event of each year.

## People Talked About.

—It is likely that when Louise Michel visits the United States the actual sight of her on the platform will dissipate much of the halo of romance that surrounds her as viewed by socialist eyes across three thousand miles of perspective. She is a most unattractive woman physically—tall, masculine, and raw-boned, and even the charm of youth is absent, for she is sixty-six. An American reporter who tried to find her for an interview six years ago in Paris had a curious experience. The anarchist was then living shabbily in the Rue Victor Hugo, outside the fortifications of Paris. The reporter sought her in the aristocratic Avenue Victor Hugo, and was disconcerted when the servant at the mistaken address slammed the door in his face at mention of her name, rattled the chain-bolt within, and exhibited other signs of alarm.

—It gives one an idea of the extent of Borovno, the estate of Jean and Edouard de Reszké in Poland, to learn that it embraces sixteen thousand acres. It is a magnificent domain, with a palace dating back to the times of Louis X., and it may be a matter of interest to the thousands of opera-goers who incidentally contribute to its support to know that the estate is kept in apple-pie order. An American visitor there found evidences of business thrift in the great singers in the vast fields of growing potatoes which are raised to be manufactured into Russian brandy. The de Reszkés are popular with their neighbors, not only because of their generous use of their wealth, but also because of their interest in many sports, from cross-country riding to horse-racing.

—The latest American writer to achieve success in England is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who went to London eighteen months ago for a brief residence there, and now finds her work and herself sufficiently popular to justify a prolonged stay. The two books she has published in that time have been favorably received, and she has been welcomed in the literary society of the metropolis. Mrs. Atherton has a greater share of good looks than most literary ladies possess. She is pretty, and a blonde, and still on the sunny side of forty. She has outgrown her Amelie Rives days, and her stories have more substantial claims to recognition than formerly.

—What may be called a Kingsley revival appears to be now in progress. There is an increasing demand at the libraries for the canon's books ; his brother's romances are out in a new edition and gaining on this side of the Atlantic some of the recognition they have always had on the other ; his niece is penetrating the wilds of Africa to secure specimens for the British Museum, and incidentally doing very hazardous exploring, while his daughter is soon to lecture to us. It is in the veins of the nice that hereditary signs of Charles Kingsley's spirit of adventure are to be found, for this young woman's daring desire to explore the Cameroons amazed the authorities.

—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is one of the few women writers of the day whose names are to be found on the publishers' lists of thirty years ago. Other names that were with hers then have disappeared, and their books gone out of print, but her own still adorns newly-printed title-pages. Mrs. Barr is now sixty-four years old, but she has not begun to diminish in productivity, and she is said to be one of the best paid of contemporary novelists. She lives nowadays at Cornwall, on the Hudson.

## Steeple-chasing at Morris Park.

As a spectacle there is no form of racing more exciting and popular than steeple-chasing. Fifteen years ago it was deemed necessary



MISS MABEL LOVE AS "BLANCA."

MISS ALICE BARNETT  
AS "DAME HECLA."MR. CAIRNS JAMES    MR. JOHN LE HAY  
AS THE "GOVERNOR." AS "MATS MUNCK."

MISS NANCY MCINTOSH AS "CHRISTINA."



MISS NANCY MCINTOSH AND JULIUS STEGER AS "THE PRINCE REGENT."



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS "THE SYNDIC."

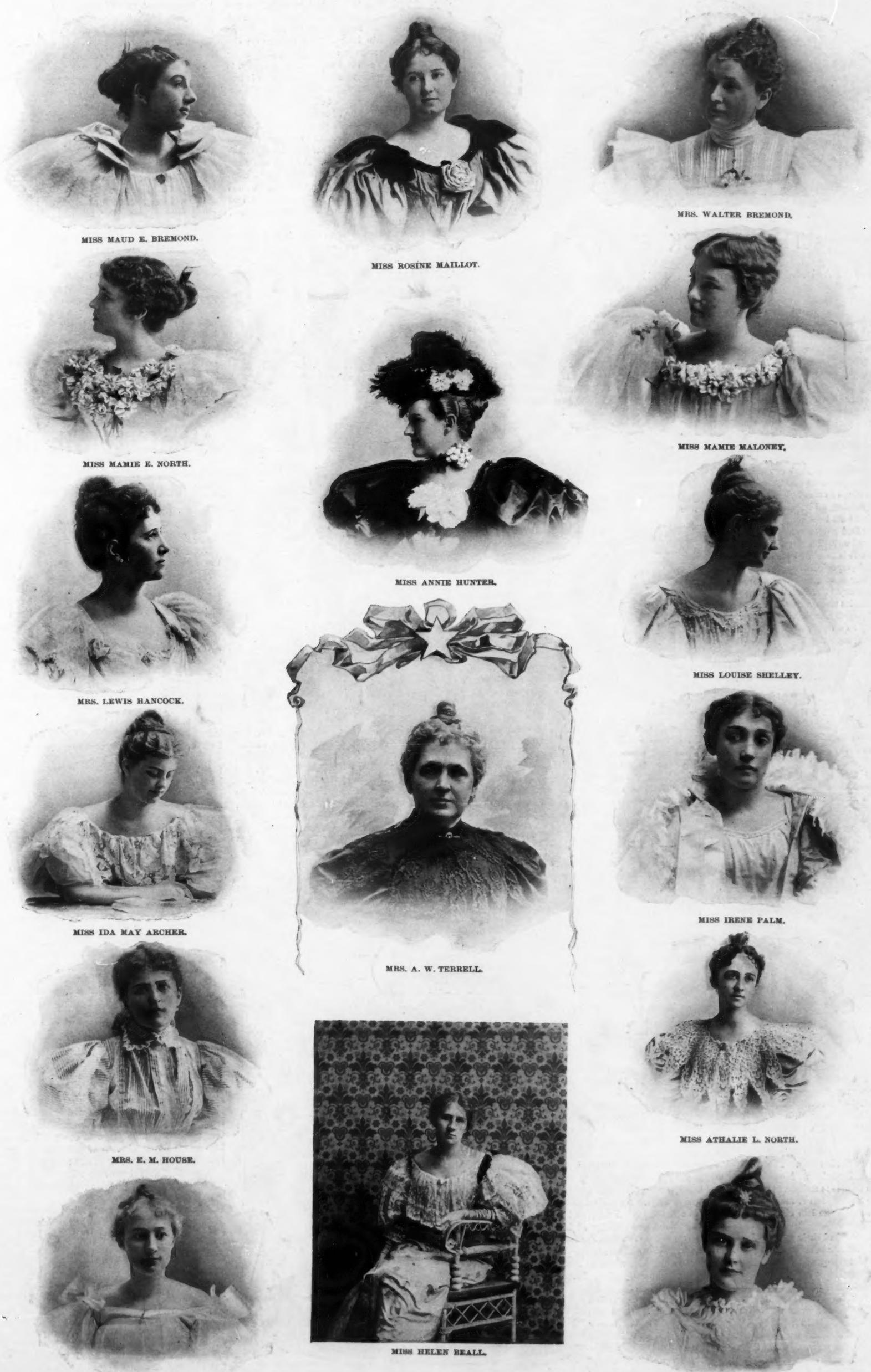


MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD AS "NANNA."



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "THORA."

**"HIS EXCELGENCY."**



MISS BESSIE BEALL.

MISS BESSIE RECTOR.



## THE BLACK CAT.

A UNIQUE PARIS CAFÉ AND THEATRE.



way convinced that they know the flavor of the modern Babylon.

The fact is, underneath that crust there lurk all manner of things—some good, some bad, but united in a mélange as unwholesome, mentally and morally speaking, as our famous but much maligned pies are said to be physically. The latter are described as "dyspepsia above, dyspepsia below, and untold horrors between." In certain moods one is ready to transfer this description to Paris, especially as regards the "between." In other words, however, one accepts it gayly as one accepts the Thanksgiving mince-pie, because it tastes uncommonly good and because, as one inwardly argues, apples and meat and raisins and so on are, after all, perfectly harmless. Sweet sophistry!

The Paris pie owes a good deal of its seasoning to the artists and the students. The artists are scattered in groups all over the city, but the quarter to which they give perhaps the most individuality is that in the vicinity of the Boulevard Cléchy. As for the students, everybody knows about the Latin Quarter, which, if it were not the students' quarter would be that of the artists, so many of them dwell within its borders.

It sometimes seems strange that so many tourists are content to go the same old round of sightseeing—the Madeleine, the Louvre, Notre



Dame, les Invalides—without making an effort to see something of the real spirit of the life of Paris. They visit the monuments and the shops, but they know absolutely nothing of the people. Certainly there are two little pilgrimages which the average tourist could easily make and which will take him deeper in the life of Paris than would twenty trips through the sewers. These pilgrimages are to the *Chat Noir* and to the *Soleil d'Or*; or, as they would be in England, the Black Cat and the Golden Sun. The Black Cat is a more unusual variety of café than the Golden Sun. In fact, it is unique. On the other hand it is better known, has a more mixed clientèle, and is so much the less characteristic of the real life of Paris.

Occasional tourists find their way to the *Chat Noir*. Sometimes either because they are unable to appreciate its picturesqueness, or because they think it is the proper thing to appear *blase*, they speak of it patronizingly and seem to intimate that it isn't all it might be. One American who was "writing up" Paris on short acquaintance, disposed of the *Chat Noir* in a few lines as the resort of bourgeois mammas and their daughters. Of course he was wrong, but at the same time he undoubtedly had some ground for disappointment.

Perhaps he had expected to see Bouguereau and Puvis de Chavannes (there's a droll association of names!) and Carolus Duran and Rosa Bonheur, and all the galaxy of celebrated French artists, sitting in rows and drinking absinthe. The inexperienced foreigner thinks everybody in Paris drinks absinthe. If he expected this he was certainly roundly disappointed. The successful artists contribute precious little to the picturesqueness of Paris. It is the young and struggling ones—sometimes the old and struggling ones—who furnish this element. But you will not find many of them at the *Chat Noir*. This Black Cat is a sleek but hungry animal, which would swallow a poverty-stricken artist in short order.

The café and theatre of the *Chat Noir* occupy a small three-story building in a narrow street near the Boulevard Cléchy. It is known from one end of Paris to the other, although it is so small and is frequented by a comparatively limited circle. Say "Au Chat Noir" to any Paris coachman and he will take you there without further instructions.

The entrance is at one side of the front and is surmounted by an enormous head of a black cat, carved from wood and painted realistically. The door always stands open, and from the outside one has a confused vision of narrow, winding stairs just within, with great palms on the platforms and the walls lined with pictures, large and small. If you turn in at this door and mount half a dozen steps you will find a door at your left. This is the entrance to the café, a long, large room, of which the entire front is stained glass, while the rear is lighted by a skylight. Here again there are pictures everywhere; pen-and-ink sketches, pencil drawings, water-colors, oils, pastels, all framed simply and hung in solid rows from the height of the tables to the ceiling. Each sketch is signed, many of them with the name of some one of the leading men of the younger generation of artists, Raffaelli, Henri Rivière, Louis Morin, Caran d'Ache, Chéret, Forain, and scores of others more or less well known.

Salis, the proprietor of the *Chat Noir*, is a genius in his way. When he opened his café he encouraged the young artists to come there. When their bills had mounted to a considerable height he would tell his impecunious but talented debtors to make him a few sketches and commence over again. In this way he acquired a collection which is worth fortune. He also gained a reputation and the good-will of the artists, who, as they grew more successful and were able to pay their reckoning in regular legal tender, did not desert their friend Salis. He now has a château outside of Paris, and could buy out a good many of his patrons, but he remains the same old Salis. He is almost always present in the evening, when he furnishes a considerable part of the entertainment.

The café by day is dim and quiet. The tables and chairs are of heavy wood and the floor is sanded. Altogether there is an air of quaint Mediævalism about it by

day. At night it is brilliant enough, but not until after midnight is it very gay. The *Chat Noir*, like other animals of its kind, has a fondness for late hours. The theatre on the third floor does not open until half-past nine or even later. To call it a theatre, by the way, is to give a wrong impression of it. There is one room, perhaps twenty-five feet square, with a small extension at one end of about twelve feet square. In the middle of one side of the larger room there is an opening about thirty-five by forty-five inches in size. It is outlined by a gilt picture-frame, and when not in use is closed by a dark red curtain. Around the four sides of the room runs a frieze of large panels, each panel inclosing one of the famous Chéret *affiches*, or posters. Below this frieze the walls are covered with framed sketches, as in the restaurant down-stairs.

At one side of the room there is a big fireplace. Black cats, carved from wood, perch everywhere. They glare from the corners, arch themselves from the chimney-piece, curl them-

by figures cut out of zinc. Each "piece" is composed, and all the groups and figures for it are designed and cut, by some well-known artist. They are a succession of pictures in silhouette, but with accessories of light and shade and color which are astonishing. In "The Prodigal Son," a piece which Henri Rivière produced last winter, one had the yellow, sandy Southern landscape, with occasional palm-trees and caravans which appeared in the distance and came nearer and nearer, the figures increasing in size as they approached. The sky was blue, there were occasional fleecy clouds which grew rosy at sunset. The twilight fell with a subtle gradation of shade which was wonderful.

Most of the pieces are accompanied by music composed expressly for the occasion by such men as Georges Fragerolle. Between the acts, that is to say, between the different pieces, three of which are generally given in an evening, there are the usual songs and *recits* of the café concert. But at the *Chat Noir* there is more artistic execution and more artistic appreciation than elsewhere. Many of the things given are, from the American point of view, decidedly off color, but they do not have the blatant coarseness of the average café concert. The men who sing their own verses are real poets; the others who recite subtly indelicate anecdotes are artists. So much the worse, to be sure! Ever-so-much the worse!



## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

**Princeton Defeats  
Harvard by the  
Score 12—4.**

PRINCETON defeated Harvard at foot-ball on the afternoon of November 2d at Princeton, New Jersey. The result of the game was a surprise to a majority of foot-ball men who had followed the work of the teams during the early season. Princeton, however, made rapid strides in the perfection of her game during the last week prior to November 2d, and appeared against Harvard a better team by fifty per cent. than her admirers and coaches thought possible a few weeks before.

From beginning to end the game abounded in kicking plays, and the thousands of spectators present were for once satisfied. Instead of the continuous masses of tangled players pushing and hauling and tugging which characterized the game last year, and to a much greater extent in 1893, the ball was conspicuous by its flight through space every little while. This kind of play was what the public had long clamored for, and when they were finally treated to it they showed their appreciation in no uncertain way. Any one present that day who had seen the big games of six to eight years ago were carried back in memory in a most pleasing and satisfying manner.

At the conclusion of the first half Harvard had the advantage. Not only had Charley Brewer out-kicked his rival, Baird, Princeton's full-back, but the Harvard backs showed greater ground-gaining abilities. Neither side scored in this half, though Harvard had the ball at one time on her opponent's five-yard line, and was fast "sailing" for a touchdown, when a fumble gave the ball to Princeton's quarter-back, Suter, who, by a brilliant run of eighty yards or so, placed in jeopardy in a few seconds the Harvard goal. This play of young Suter's will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to have seen it. When the ball was fumbled Suter was on the run for the line to get into the play which was coming for the left of his line. The ball bounded right in front of him, and in the twinkling of an eye he had gathered it in and continued up the field. Of all the Harvard men Charley Brewer was alone capable of immediate action, for which he must receive honorable mention, inasmuch as the history of such chance plays in other big games has shown a general state of paralyzed action, thus allowing the runner to run at will.

Down the field both ran at top speed, the little Suter and the pursuing and athletically-built Brewer.

When Suter reached centre field Brewer was fifteen yards away, but the latter was slowly but surely picking up his "chase." On Harvard's twenty-yard line, Brewer, judging the critical moment at hand, threw his body forward with the last and perhaps the greatest effort of his life. In the brief moment which followed, all was hushed—then a pealing shout arose from every side as his crimson jerseyed arms encircled the thighs of the flying Suter, who came to earth as the tree in the path of a cyclone.

Then the play was resumed with Harvard from a brief moment of great advantage to one on the defensive, and in dangerous proximity



to her goal line. But of these twenty-two players there was one who had lost heavily by that wild dash down the slippery field. Not Suter, the pursued, but Brewer it was who had lost, and oh, so much! That run had been a killing one for him, and until the game was concluded he was never again the brilliant player who started the game so well and strong.

In the second half Princeton scored three touchdowns and Harvard one. Two of Princeton's were due—the one to a blocked kick directly, and one to a failure on Brewer's part to kick when called upon. The third was scored by Princeton upon a trick play, Suter running some twenty yards. Harvard's only score was due to a blocked kick, Baird being obliged to kick from "in goal."

Princeton scored first, then Harvard tied the score. This all occurred in the first ten minutes of the second half. Thereafter, Princeton began to play an aggressive game, which in short order completely disorganized the Harvard team.

Brewer was unable to kick, having three kicks blocked in succession. Harvard's line seemed incapable of holding the opposing Tigers, except briefly at infrequent intervals. During the last fifteen minutes the Harvard team was not in the game in any way; and had the game continued, say another half-hour, Princeton would have scored touchdown upon touchdown. In brief, Harvard had lost her nerve completely, and, like a whipped dog, took a sound thrashing with tail between her legs.

It cannot be said that the game was a great one—there was too much fumbling for that, as also too little science shown in drop-kicking and place-kicks for goal.

The well-planned and systematic defense of both teams was the most praiseworthy feature of the play, while Brewer in the first half gave an excellent exhibition of accurate and long-distance punting.

Although Captain Lea of the Princeton team was forced to retire in the second half, Tyler, who substituted, did apparently quite as able work. Indeed, the substitutions which Princeton was forced to make—the others being Wentz for Riggs at guard, and Bannard for Armstrong at half-back—turned out so well as to greatly surprise the Princeton coaches.

The result of the game shows in no uncertain way that it is unsafe to back a team which on paper, before the game, looks to be the better, and for the simple reason that too many situations which cannot be foretold come up to change entirely the complexion of the game.

Now, before this game in point, it was figured out that while Princeton's defense was likely to prove stronger than Harvard's, her attack would be weaker. Hence, assuming that the difference in the defensive play of the two teams could not be pronounced, Harvard, with her brilliant trio of backs, ought to win. The fact was taken into consideration, too, that while Charley Brewer, Wrightington, and Fairchild could kick well, Princeton apparently had no kicker of merit.

Baird, the kicking full-back, like Quarter-back Suter, came up in the "stretch," as it were, and changed the entire complexion of the game.

The history of Harvard-Princeton foot-ball shows that in all Princeton has won nine games and Harvard three.

On November 3d, 1877, the first game was played on the St. George's Cricket Grounds, Hoboken. Harvard won by two touchdowns to one. In 1878 Princeton won by one touchdown. The feature which struck the followers of the game, then in its infancy, most was the fact that quite one thousand people turned out to see the play. Again, in 1879, Princeton won, McNair doing the trick by kicking a fine goal from the field. Foot-ball kickers of today will please note this fact.

In 1880 Princeton met Harvard on the Polo Grounds at One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York, and won after a desperate contest, wherein both sides scored in the first half, and the game remained a tie until a few moments before time for the game was called. The game in the following year resulted in a draw. Harvard won a protested victory in 1882. Princeton turned the tables on her foe in 1883 to the tune of twenty-seven to six, Moffat for Princeton doing some wonderful drop-kicking.

In 1884 Harvard was again snowed under by the score of thirty-four to six. In 1885 there was no game, but in 1886, at Princeton, the Tigers won still another game, twelve to nothing. Harvard managed finally to win the following year by twelve to nothing, but could not keep up her good work in 1888, when the Tigers won by nineteen to six. The drop kick figured in this game, as in most of the others,

The last game for a period of six years took place in 1889. It was played on Jarvis Field, Cambridge. At the end of the first interval of play the score was fifteen to ten in Harvard's favor. The Tigers went in after intermission and rolled up their score to forty-one, while Harvard could not increase hers by a point. There were many unpleasant features, and the game from start to finish abounded in unnecessary rough play.

Harvard broke off all pleasant relations with Princeton after the game, and naturally took the initiative this fall to renew athletic relations. Princeton quickly accepted her challenge. The game was played at Princeton—the last having been played at Cambridge. In contrast to the 1889 game, the game this year was as clean and as free from disagreeable features as well might be imagined or desired. No disputes arose, and not a foul was declared for unnecessary rough play. There was apparently the friendliest of feeling between the players of the rival teams, and after the game was over and the victory won by Princeton by the score of twelve to four, the latter team escorted their guests to the railroad station and sent them home with cheers and kind words.

The result of the game was no less pleasing to Princeton than Yale men, for it gave at one stroke that prominence and importance to the annual match between the two, which for obvious reasons the Harvard-Pennsylvania game scheduled for the same day—November 23d—would otherwise have had.

At New Haven, on account of no Harvard game to look forward to, and because of the distressing and disagreeable incidents connected with such a result, a generally apathetic feeling was prevalent. Interest in the game was apparently at a low ebb.

When the news of Princeton's victory was flashed over the wires, however, joy and the pleasures of anticipation of the game of the year replaced these dismal feelings, while a new life was imparted to the laborers for Yale, and for her continued supremacy on the football field.

*M.T. Bull.*

## OUR PLAYERS

### "His Excellency."

In these days, we have to take our Gilbert and Sullivan separately, and each with an ad-

ditional touch of humor takes this questionable form because he finds that in the *fin-de-siècle* period in which he



MISS ALICE BARNETT.

lives, mere verbal quips and cranks are played out, and all witticisms are back numbers. As he expresses it :

"Quixotic is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,  
Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet  
been said.  
The world has joked incessantly for over fifty  
centuries,  
And every joke that's possible has long ago  
been made."

The gubernatorial position, however, offers gigantic possibilities for pleasantries of the so-called practical kind ; and these opportunities his Excellency does not fail to improve. On his string are the court sculptor and a doctor, suitors for his daughter's hands ; a strolling player and a street ballad-singer ; a formidable Dame Cortlandt, whose views are matrimonial ; and, finally, the Prince Regent of the Kingdom, which is sombre Denmark. These personages



THE NEW GAME OF PUSH-BALL.

mixture of foreign collaboration. Thus, in "The Chieftain," we have enjoyed Sir Arthur's music, albeit hitched to a rather cumbersome Burnand book. Now comes "His Excellency," a true Gilbert libretto of the first water, but with a musical setting by Dr. Osmond Carr, a distinguished Oxonian. It is not necessarily in disparagement of Dr. Carr to say that he is not the musical twin of the composer of "Patience." He seems to bear a high reputation of his own in England ; and musical critics here agree that he has a distinctive style, as well as a masterly cleverness in instrumentation. He is new to us, that is all—and Sullivan is difficult to replace. The complications of the plot, in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, turn upon the pranks of his excellency the Governor of Elsinore, who is an inveterate practical joker. The Governor's

become entangled in a nightmare of misapprehensions, and in the end the Governor's jocular masterpiece comes home to him with boomerang force.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The company which is presenting "His Excellency" at the Broadway Theatre is uniformly good, and embraces quite a number of distinguished popular favorites, some of whom have previously appeared here in Gilbertian opera, while others whose fame has preceded them from England come as débütantes. Thus, Miss Nancy McIntosh, in her original rôle of *Christina*, the ballad-singer, has not been heard in New York before, though she is an American by birth. Miss Mabel Love, the *dansuse*, is also a new-comer who justifies her European reputation. The part of the joking Governor is played by Cairns James, a well-known English singer ; and Julius Steger, the baritone, is the *Prince Regent*. Miss Ellaline Terris (*Thora*), Miss Gertrude Aylward (*Nanna*), and Miss Alice Barnett (*Dame Cortlandt*), are no strangers here, and both are at their best in their present respective parts. Miss Barnett, in particular, finds in *Dame Cortlandt* a character quite in the line of those with which her name has been pleasantly associated in nearly all the favorite Gilbert and Sullivan operas. In an interview with a representative of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he said, reminiscently : "Yes, I was the original *Lady Jane* in 'Patience,' and played it nineteen months without break, during the run of the piece in London. I also 'created' *Lady Blanche* in 'Princess Ida,' *Ruth* in 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and the *Queen of the Fairies* in 'Iolanthe.' *Katisha* in 'The Mikado' isn't one of my rôles in the sense of having been written to fit me, though I have played it a good deal. *Dame Cortlandt*? No, that was not made to order, neither ; but I was specially engaged to create the part in London, after two other actresses had 'chucked' it up. How do I like America? Oh, that is as old as one of his Excellency's cast-off jokes. The question is, how is America going to like me in my new rôle? Let us hope it will be a matter of mutual admiration."

## Something New in the Line of Sport.

THE new game of push-ball, which has lately been introduced and played at Harvard, has some of the essential features of foot-ball, but possesses many original points. The ball itself is a great curiosity. It is constructed in much the same manner as a foot-ball—a rubber bladder covered with strips of leather—only it is perfectly round. When inflated it is six feet, three inches in diameter, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. It can be moved with very slight pressure—indeed, a good wind will send it rolling across the field at a lively rate.

Push-ball is played by two teams of eight men each. The main purpose of the game is, as in foot-ball, to advance the ball into the opponents' territory and finally across the goal-line, and this is done by the concerted shoulder-pushing of the players. The game is played on a regulation foot-ball field, but only forty yards of the "gridiron's" length is used. The ball is placed on the centre line and the players group themselves on either side of it. The centre plays directly behind the ball, with a guard and tackle on each side of him. Two forwards play "off-side" to brush the opposing players away from the ball, and the captain, or full-back, stands at some distance behind his men, directing the play by a code of signals.

The pushing is done with the shoulder entirely, and advances are made by scientific twisting from side to side. Owing to the rapidity of the game, which requires much the same exertion as a tug-of-war, the periods of play are usually not more than two minutes in length. When time is called the side having advanced the ball into the other's territory scores one or more points. One point is scored if a five-yard advance has been made, two points if a ten-yard advance, and so on, until finally, if a twenty-yard advance has been made, thus carrying the ball across the goal-line, it counts five points. Team-play and scientific manipulations are the great requisites for push-ball.

The only push-ball in existence is the one now in use at Harvard. It is owned by Mr. M. G. Crane, of Newton, Massachusetts, the inventor of the game, and was constructed at a cost of two hundred dollars.



THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.  
Photograph furnished by permission of her Majesty.



PLAZA AND MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS.



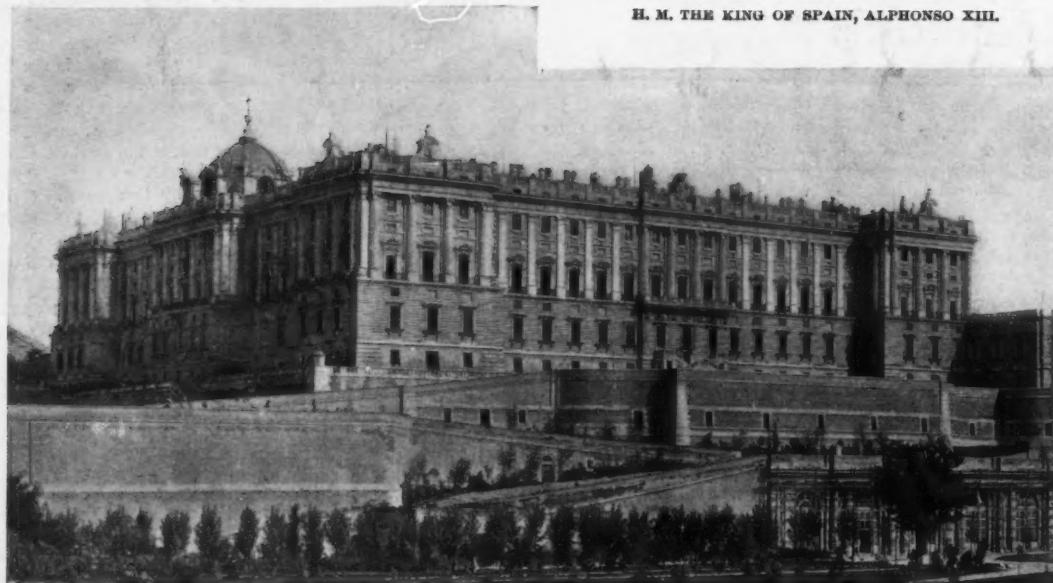
HANNIS TAYLOR, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN



H. M. THE KING OF SPAIN, ALPHONSO XIII.



THE DUKE OF MEDINA-SIDONIA, GRAND MASTER OF  
THE COURT OF SPAIN.



ESCORIAL (ROYAL PALACE).



SEÑOR CASTELAR.



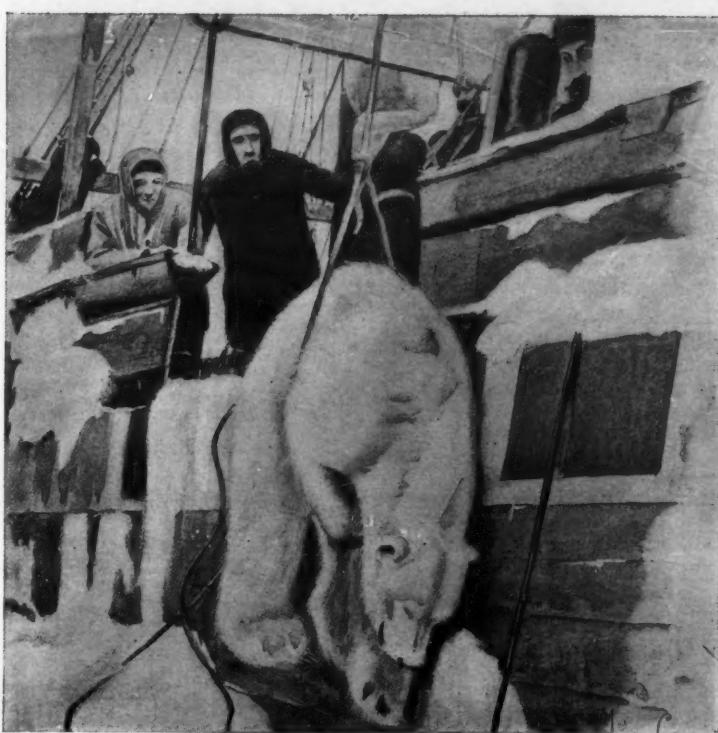
THE DUKE OF SOTOMAYOR, GRAND MASTER OF THE PALACE.



PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

## THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD OF SPAIN.

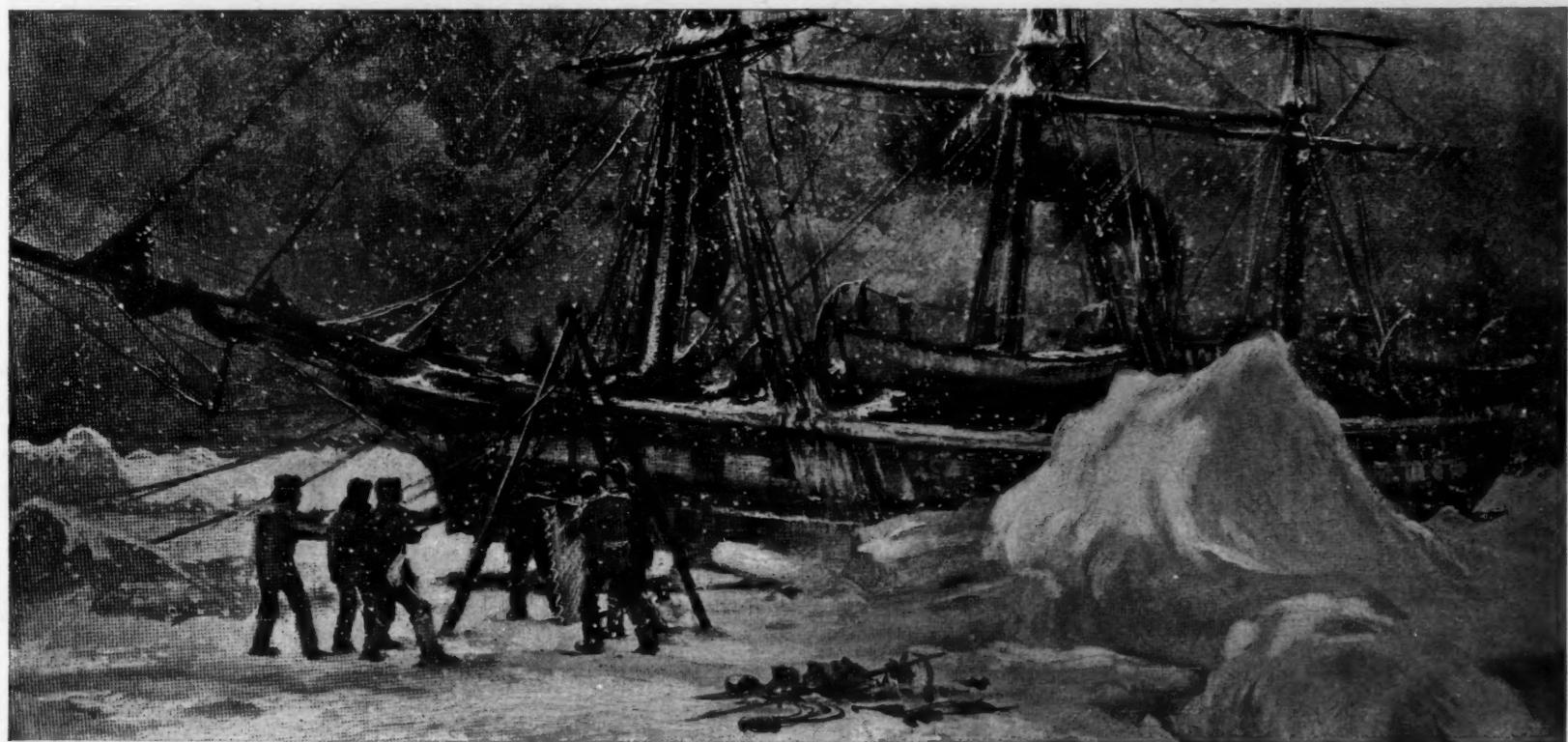
[SEE PAGE 331.]



ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE—CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE EXPLORING PARTY.—*Illustrated London News.*



A REMARKABLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN PARIS.—*From L'Illustration.*



"The *Windward*, after leaving Franz Josef Land, had a very severe struggle to break through the ice barrier which stretched across her southward course. After sixty-five days of battling with steam and gunpowder and saw, she passed through and reached the open sea."

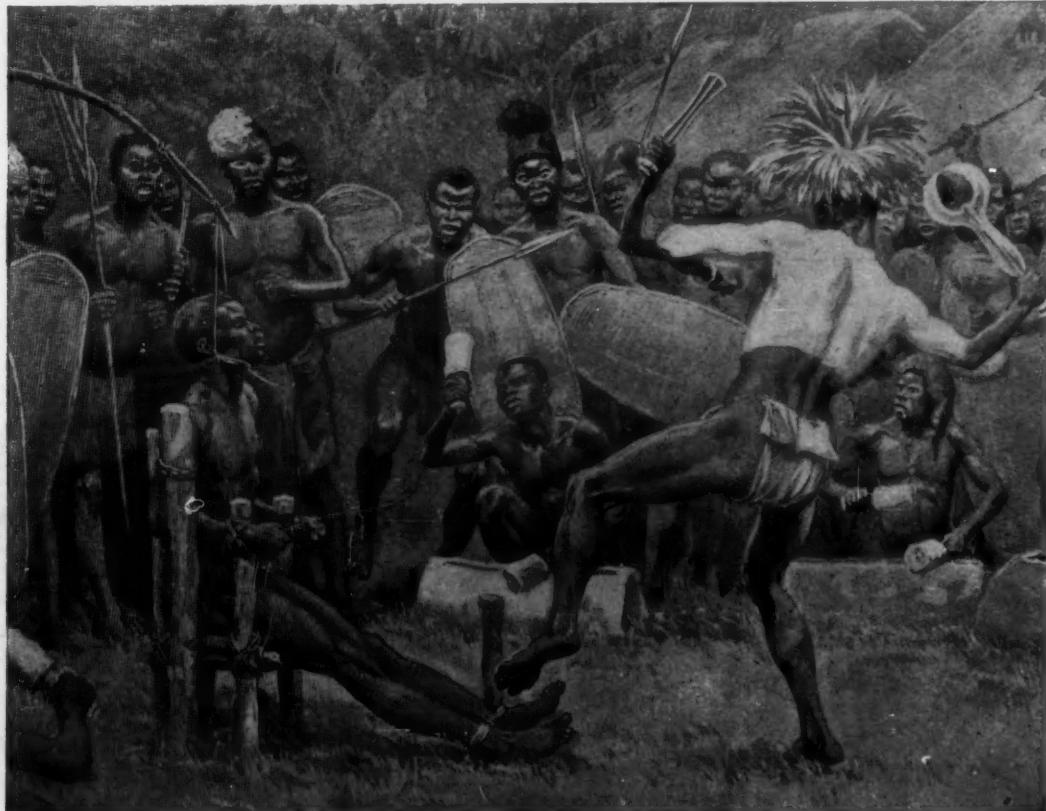
THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.—*The Graphic.*



THE MURDERED QUEEN OF COREA.



KING OF COREA.—*L'Illustration.*



NATIVE "JUSTICE" IN THE CONGO STATE—THE EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.—*The Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

SOME fine burglaries have been accomplished recently, and the French have taken Madagascar.—*Judge*.

#### AN AWFUL SUFFERER.

If there is any disease which is awful in its effects upon the sufferer, that disease is asthma. Suffocating, gasping for air, and sitting up, perhaps for weeks, in an agony of despair, weary, worn, and helpless, such is the life of one who is afflicted with asthma in the worst form. An explorer on the Congo River, in Darkest Africa, recently discovered a never-failing cure for asthma in the wonderful Kola Plant. And now all over Europe, physicians are indorsing and prescribing the Kola Plant as the only sure constitutional cure for asthma. There are seven thousand recorded cures within three months. So sure are the importers of Kola of the fact that it cannot fail to cure, that they are sending out large trial cases free, to any sufferer from asthma who makes the request. For the benefit of our readers who may be afflicted, we cheerfully give the address of the Importing Company who have given this boon to humanity. Address Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, and they will send you a large trial case free, by mail, and prepaid. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

THE attention of our readers is called to the announcement of Mr. George Huber in this number. Mr. Huber advertises a hair tonic which is what it is represented to be. The remedy is some two hundred years old, and has been used by many of his friends with excellent results.

#### THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS, ALSO FISHING, OF THE SOUTH.

UNDER the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press beautiful and comprehensive book pertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

This, indeed, comprises nearly the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines.

The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Leffingwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

This is the first time that such a publication has been attempted exhibiting in such an attractive manner the almost innumerable resorts for sportsmen in the South.

The publication will be issued prior to November 1st, 1895, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway system.

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

THERE is no time in the year when the mountain, valley, and lake scenery is so entrancing as it is in the autumn.

The picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad has no superior in the varied grandeur of the scenery along its lines.

Comfortable and commodious parlor- and sleeping-cars and day coaches are run on all through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago via Niagara Falls.

Send four cents in stamps to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for illustrated pamphlets describing this route.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE firm of Sohmer & Co. has grown constantly in favor with the public since its founding, and this is a natural result on account of its reliability and trustworthiness. This firm has shown so much enterprise and real ability in the management and "push" of its business that even competitors freely acknowledge the leading position it occupies in the trade.

#### EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

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